THE

TINEUM.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

THE
BRITISH MUSEUM

TITUM.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

THE TINEUM.

CONTAINING

ESTIANOMY,

OR THE

ART OF STIRRING A FIRE:

THE ICEAD,

A MOCK-HEROIC POEM:

AN

IMITATION OF HORACE,

Ep. 1. lib. 1.

EPIGRAMS:

A FRAGMENT, &c.

By C. V. LE GRICE,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Nec, si quid olim lusit ——
Delevit ætas. HOR. Ode 8. lib. 4.

You laugh—'tis well. COWPER.

Cambridge,

PRINTED BY B. FLOWER,

W. H. LUNN, AND J. DEIGHTON, AND FOR T. SHEPHERD BURY. 1794.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A CARD.

Gentle Bookſeller's-window-peruſer,

Do not dip into the firſt part of this bookling, ſkim the cream of it, and walk out of the Shop without buying it: this will be cheating the Bookſeller, cheating the Author, and indeed cheating yourſelf; for the rules, which it contains, require accurate attention, and ought to be deeply imprinted in the memory. Therefore buy it;—and may the feſtal fires of the enſuing Chriſtmas *roar* approbation of your newly acquired ſkill.

A CARD.

DEDICATION.

TO

THAT Man, who is ever willing to be leaſed, "he knows not why, and cares ot wherefore."

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of dedicating this lit-e Volume to you, as a teſtimony of my teem for your amiable character.—Be-eve me—I ſhould receive infinitely ore pleaſure from your ſmiling over it, nd deſiring Mrs. H— to ſit down to er work, while you read it to her, an from the vociferated applauſes of a ouſand *Critics*.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours, &c.
C. V. L. G.

Cambridge,
Nov. 1794.

DEDICATION.

TO

THAT Man, who is ever willing to be pleased, "he knows not why, and cares not wherefore."

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of dedicating this little Volume to you, as a testimony of my esteem for your amiable character.—Believe me—I should receive infinitely more pleasure from your smiling over it, and desiring Mrs. H— to sit down to her work, while you read it to her, than from the vociferated applauses of a thousand Critics.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours, &c.
C. V. I. C.

Cambridge,
A. V. 1794.

Γνωθι σεαυτόν.

Luceat igne focus.

IT is natural for men to be diſcon-
ented with the ſphere, in which their
bilities were meant to ſhine; and we
very hour ſee inſtances of individuals
ho render themſelves ridiculous by
iverting from the path in which they
ight have moved with eaſe and ho-
our, to one, where they have neither
ght to direct, or reaſon to lead them.

They

They foolifhly imagine, that their genius is better employed, and neglect the grand maxim of Solon, that the beſt ſtudy is "to know yourſelf." Hence it is that we have ſeen a citizen ſtudying the graces, Pope attempting to write an Ode, and a mathematician aiming at wit. Amidſt this perverſion of abilities, there is none that is more frequent, none that makes a human being more ridiculous, and none that is more dangerous in its conſequences, than that of a perſon, who has not ſtudied the art, attempting to—ſtir a Fire. Of what evils an ignorance of this art, if it be accompanied by vanity, is productive, the ſocial parties, whoſe happineſs has been deſtroyed, the wives that have been beaten, and the heirs that have been diſinherited, on account of ruining a fire by a miſuſe of the poker, can fully witneſs. Without any deſire of fame, therefore,

herefore, and totally regardleſs of im-
ortality, I have taken up the pen; and
s the only motive that induced me to
ttempt this diſſertation, is the deſire of
riving Diſcord from theſe three king-
oms, ſo the only reward for which I
ope, is to ſee Peace ſpread her wings
ver the fireſides of my countrymen.

Every object has it's dark ſide; the
ood man has his faults; and the roſe
as its thorns. In the ſame manner, I
m fearful, leſt the introduction of a ge-
eral knowledge of the art of ſtirring a
re will promote ſuch a jealouſy of
ivalſhip, as will degenerate from emu-
ation to envy, and from envy to open
ar. Debate after debate will enſue,
oker after poker will be thruſt into the
re, and amidſt the efforts to raiſe it to
he ſummit of perfection, the fire will
e poked out.

Of

Of ſuch rivalſhip I have already ſeen an inſtance in a conjugal pair, both people of great ſkill in this ſcience. That the Huſband might not by his ſuperior ſtrength, or the wife by her ſuperior cunning, at any time gain unfair poſſeſſion of the only poker, they agreed that another ſhould be purchaſed, ſo that each might be in poſſeſſion of one. Another was procured; and the unhappy conſequences before-mentioned frequently enſued.

I ſhould adviſe people of this emulous diſpoſition to conſider, that emulation, inſtead of producing good, will, if it is not guided by prudence, and good ſenſe, be always attended with evil conſequences in this, as well as every other ſcience. Let them remember that there is as great ſkill in knowing when a fire does *not* require ſtirring, as in ſtirring one; in knowing when to deſiſt

eſiſt, as in knowing when to begin. Let them remember, that joſtling in the ace of honour is at all times unfair, nd always ſhews a greater confidence n ſtrength, than in ſkill. Where ſuch ivalſhip interrupts, or may interrupt he peace of matrimonial life, I recom- iend by all means that the wife ſhould ubmit. That the one, or other *muſt* ubmit, is neceſſary from the nature of hings; Pompey could not ſit on the ame throne with Cæſar, nor Anthony vith Auguſtus; neither can John and ane have command of the ſame fire: That the wife is the perſon who *ought* o ſubmit, is a point equally indiſputa- le: for, in the firſt place, it is her duty to obey her huſband in all lawful hings." *Vid. Com. Pray.—Blackſt. Comment.* In the ſecond place, as a oman is ſaid not to have an under- anding above an animal of the brute creation,

creation, it is impoſſible that ſhe ca
attain to a perfect knowledge of th
ſublime art. That her underſtandin
is not above this level, is clear, fro
her having, like the brutes, no ſoul
and that ſhe is not poſſeſſed of this im
mortal part, as man is, we know fro
Revelation. *Vide Alcoran, c.* 8. *ſ.* 11

For the greater accuracy of deſcri
tion, and more particularly for the b
nefit of thoſe, who as yet never ſaw
fire, I have prefixed an engraving of
Grate, which is to be referred to. [*S*
Plate.]

POSTULATUM.

Poking is of uſe to a fire, becauſe
makes a hollow, where the air bein
rarified by the adjacent heat, the ſu
rounding air ruſhes into the vacuum.

Rule

RULES.

1. Never ſtir a fire when freſh coals re laid on, particularly when very mall coals, for into the vacuum, which he poker occaſions, they immediately ll.

2. Always keep the bottom bar clear.

3. Never begin to ſtir at top; though his rule admits of ſome exceptions, iz. when the bottom is quite clear, and he top only wants breaking, or the rface raiſing. If the fire is dull at A. . D. put the poker in at E. and do not ull it out till it has conducted the heat A. B. D. if at B. C. F. E. put it in at . and ſo on.

4. Never knock the fire down.

5. If there is univerſal heat, but dull give a univerſal ſtir.

6. Beware of putting the poker in too far, as this will only bring the hind part before.

7. If bar A. and bar D. are dull, rake out bar L. and ſtir at G. H. K.

8. If bar G. is dull, rake out bar L.

9. Never put the poker higher than the part affected.

To this Rule the reader's judgment will ſupply many corollaries.

Theſe are the rules, which if duly attended to, will inſtruct a perſon how to ſtir, and keep up a common fire. Theſe however are, as it were, only the rudiments of the ſcience. There are nicities in the art, which an innate, elegant taſte only can diſtinguiſh; and there are ſublimities, to which only a natural genius, guided by judgment, and nurſed by experience can arrive; ſuch as, the

metho

method of making a fire ready for toaſting, or fit for broiling, at an *appointed* hour. Of making a

Chearful,
Comfortable,
Good,
Happy,
Nice,
Beautiful,
Jovial, Or,
Roaring Fire.

How to arrive at this perfection in the ſcience, no rules can poſſibly teach; but however let no one utterly deſpair, as labour and diligence can overcome the greateſt obſtacles.

The uſe of bellows is to be reprobated: The art of raiſing a fire is certainly difficult, but is by no means "*nodus Deo vindice dignus*:" it will therefore ſhew that the practitioner has little confidence in his own ſkill, if he

invokes the aid of Boreas. Beſides, what ſatisfaction can any man receive from his own work, if it owes its ſucceſs to ſo much *puffing*?

I have in this diſſertation taken only fires in grates under conſideration, for two reaſons; in the firſt place, becauſe the Gypſies, who make fires of turf in the field, are not above a fifth part of the inhabitants of Great Britain; and ſecondly, becauſe, if I had addreſſed them, many of them cannot read.

Before I conclude, I wiſh to give advice in a few particular inſtances.

Many gentlemen, whom *tegula ſolo tuetur*"* are apt to take advantage of the narrow opening of their chimney, and to ſtand cloſe before it, that the vacuum being diminiſhed, the outward air may ruſh in with the greater violence

* In the firſt floor *down* the chimney. GOLDSMITH
On the *roof* of *eminence*. MACKLIN

and draw up the fire. I take this opportunity of admoniſhing them, that the heat, which their pores imbibe by this means through the multiplicity of holes in their breeches, will make them ſo relaxed, and ſo ſuſceptible of cold in theſe parts, that what they ſave in bellows they may loſe in phyſic. Secondly, the extraordinary warmth may ſo liquify the greaſe of their breeches, (and when the greaſe is gone, what remains?) that what they ſave in bellows, they may loſe in breeches.

I alſo admoniſh a dependant, when he is ſeeking a place from a patron, an author, when he is entreating the manager to accept his play, a girl when on a viſit at her aunt's, a collegian when he dines with old ſquare-toes, never to ſtir the fire. For if the dependant, the author, the neice, and the collegian, wield the poker ſcientifically, the patron,

the manager, the aunt, and old ſquare-toes will be vexed at being rivalled; and if the former ſpoil the fire, the latter will be in a paſſion.

I alſo admoniſh the poet, who does not often ſee a fire, when he has got one, not to truſt himſelf with a poker left, as a child plays with a new toy, he ſtirs the fire ſo often that he ſpoils it; or left, in the energy of ſome ſoliloquy, he pokes it utterly out.

To thoſe of my countrymen, who have made this art their ſtudy, I recommend the peruſal of the foregoing rules, that by building on a ſure baſis, they may promote, what they have already begun, to the ſummit of excellence. To thoſe, who have hitherto, neglected it, I recommend the peruſal of them as abſolutely neceſſary. Let them reflect that, while Copernicus, and Newton have raiſed aſtronomy to perfection,

and

and Herſchel has completed the *ne plus ultra* of that ſcience by deſcribing volcanos in the moon, how ridiculous it is to be inveſtigating the fires of another planet, and at the ſame time be ignorant of the management of the fires of our own. Rouze yourſelves, my countrymen, before it is too late, and conſider how ſhameful it is, to be without a perfect knowledge of that art, which Rome, the greateſt empire of the world, eſteemed its peculiar care. You cannot be ignorant, that the temple of Veſta was the public charge of the Roman people; that if the fire, which was there cheriſhed, was at any time extinguiſhed, the virgin who neglected it was ſeverely puniſhed; that all public buſineſs was ſuſpended, untill the unhappy omen was expiated by ſacrifice and prayer. Rouze yourſelves, my countrymen, before it is

too

too late; and do not idly sooth your sloth by flattering yourselves, that the time will soon arrive, when you will enjoy a fire, which will be preserved without art, and where no pokers will ever be required.

GENTLE

GENTLE PURCHASER,

Since you have bought this Work, and, as I hope, profited by the preceding pages,

"Now *ſtir the fire* and cloſe the ſhutters faſt,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the ſofa round;
And while the bubbling and loud hiſſing urn,
Throws up a ſteamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each—"*

Peruſe the remainder of it's contents. If they do not pleaſe you, "*ſtir the fire again,*" and the Author muſt be content to exclaim

"*Hoc rogus iſte mihi, hoc ignes araque parabant?*†

What have I raiſed a fire to burn my own Works?

"*His ſtruxi manibus.*"†

Well! my bed is of my own making. The

* COWPER. † VIRG.

THE ICEAD.

Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.

WHEN Phœbus, verging on th' Antarctic line,
Rolls his red flame from this our British clime
Far distant; when Winter scours high Heaven
On ebon wing, and from his cavern'd cheek
Blows many a blast of coldest puff; and when
Stern Frost, upon whose shoulders stiffly strait
The hair spreads froz'n in many an icicle,
Sits open mouth'd, to bite of heedless men
The fingers (for some more cunning mortals
At fire of coals oft make his meat too hot
For him to bite); when Nature's face low'
With thick'ning cloud, and looks nasty, dism
As the face of boy with nose unwiped;
When all is sad;—not so the minds of men,
For sport they meditate. On the bosom

f the lake, frequent they meet. There quick hies
he truant, with ſick frame too weak for ſchool;
nd there the man who leaves no chearful home,
ecauſe no chearful home he has to leave;
nd there the buck, who knows not why he came;
here he who follows Whitfield, he, who Weſley;
he Swedenborgite there, and there the Jew.
n ſcate of iron keel upborne they ride;
f iron dug from Sweden's entrails, or
rom thoſe of Ruſſia, or Toledo.
With furious ſpeed ſome haſten to outſtrip
he breath of Boreas; ſome, with wond'rous poiſe
elf-balanc'd, in airy curve float eaſy
n their way; nor knew the Gordian knot
fold ſo complex as their paths entwine.
he ſcrap'd edge loudly ſounds, but louder ſtill
he cry of thoſe, who delicacies vend
f mutton-pies, and nuts, and cakes, and gin.
ut chief the call of gingerbread moſt hot
reaks the denſe atmoſphere, and fooliſh men
Tho' luxury, more powerful than the ſword,

Which

Which strews th' ensanguin'd plain with ma
a corf
More powerful than the breath of Pestilence
Sends millions yearly to the court of death)
Check the swift scate, and eager catch th
found
'Twas noon; and round a vender of this foo
A crowd was met; and happiness was there.
Happy the man who now regal'd first serv'd!
And happy he, who arm'd with halfpence flo
Mix'd with no mass from Cyclopean forge
Of Birmingham! The unpenc'd wight pas
Here all was mirth. When, lo! sudden, a
(Ne'er did the voice of Jove more dreadf
A crack was heard. None stopp'd to loo
But fled wide-circling. Whether the Naia
Mistook the cakes as offerings at their shrine
And hungry wish'd to snap them up, my Mu
Sings not; but quick into the lake they fell,
Slice couffing slice; while he, poor man
While he, his head scarce lifted, o'er the flo

ith tears, quick freezing as they fell, counted
ch half-p'worth: and now, ſtruggling to
emerge,
r aid he calls; but what can now avail
s eloquence? All ſtand aloof. 'Tis not
e cry of gingerbread.

IMI

MY ho
ho know
ith verſ
hoſe nam
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gnipede
y knuck

† Preſent
* The an

MY honeſt and my good friend Will,
ho know'ſt my Muſe has worn her quill
ith verſes bad, for which that *rudis*,
hoſe name unclaſſically crude is,
s often croſſed my back at ſchool,
hy wiſh me *now* to play the fool?
endoza after many a heating
ars, leaſt the laſt ſhould prove a beating:
ſides, a veteran friend has chid me,
d whiſpering in my ear has bid me,
Beware of Pegaſus: if you pleaſe,
Mount:—but you're ſure to break his knees."
ymes, verſes then, and all ſuch things
eave to drolls, and †Chineſe Kings.
All that is ſerious and good
now my literary food:
nd ſtores I'm hoarding every day,
caſe they're drawn upon in *May.
erhaps you'll aſk "quo duce utor"?
nd who's my Mathematic Tutor?
gnipedes. At 10 o'clock
y knuckles at his out-door knock.

† Preſent Emperor is a great Poet. Vide Peter Pindar.
* The annual examination of the Coll, then takes place.

Still my attendance is not ſuch
But that at Politics I touch;
And thrice a week Lloyd's Evening Poſt
Conveys me news from t' other coaſt,
Of what the Sans-culottes are doing
In all the happineſs of ruin.
And now and then I take a trip
As Horace wont to Ariſtip,
(Thy follower, O Epicure)
To — — near Petty Curie.
But as to lover ſad bewailing,
While up and down the ſtreet he's trailing;
And all moſt piteouſly complaining,
While it moſt piteouſly is raining,
The night ſeems long; ſo each hour drags on,
While the poor Freſhman funks and fags on,
Till that dread day, when every ſizar,
With golden gowns for honours tries, Sir.
For this day, (as there's no refuſing,)
The *Elements* I'm hard peruſing.
What, tho' this road I ever travel,
And never ſhould o'ertake a *T——!*
Yet now and then by way of vomit,
I take a little Trigonometry, and bring my heated brain
To *plane* and level thoughts again.

Of angles, ſecants, tangents, ſines
Such various powers of various lines
In magic Ludlam may be had,
As make mad ſound, and ſound men mad.
Into this* Aſtrologic book
Magicians very ſoon ſhall look:
Each aſs then, when his fate appears,
Shall hear his doom and drop his ears.
A Proverb, not leſs true than old,
Says, "ſmall-change ever yields to gold;"
"Merit to both." Whoe'er you meet
From Trompington to Andrew's Street
Will cry, I grant the man has *ſome*:
But, pray, who values this a louſe?
He's plenty too of Greek and Latin:
What then?—His breeches are not ſattin.
He's mighty good, and mighty ſteady:
Granted, my friend; but where's his Ready?
His merit's great.—I'm ſure you lie, Sir,
I tell you he is but a Sizar.
Let him, who'd have his merits known,
With golden trappings deck his gown!
Then every one ſhall view his lace,
And ſee he's clever by—his face.

* Part of the Examination is in Ludlam.

The little boys at ſchool will ſay
"The cleverest ſhall rule the play;"
"T'have robbed no orchard, done no evil,"
"Like brazen wall, will keep the devil"
"From ent'ring in."—Come, come to College,
Ye ſilly boys, and mend your knowledge!

Tis common talk to ſay that you,
My friend, ſhould act as others do,
Who live within the ſelf-ſame wall,
And eat within the ſelf-ſame hall.

To ſuch I anſwer, "Caſt you eye on
"The Fable of the Fox and Lion.
"Full many of our bucks ſo ſtout
"Break into jail, but none break out."
This will o'wiſp of night and day
Who'd follow to be led aſtray?
Faſhion; whoſe various change of names
The hydra-headed phaſm proclaims.
Now She's the *tip*, the *ſtare*, the *gaze*,
And now the *thing*, the *flame*, the *blaze*.
Now She's the *whip*, and takes a jig
With Billy Whip-cord in a gig:
And now again She's all the *fog*,
And ſports a nag to Gog-magog:
And now She's grown the very *kick*,
And down ſtairs helps to throw a Tick.

Now with ſome ſpark She'll take a cutter,
And ſail down Cam's ſmooth-flowing gutter,
And there full gallantly glide on,
Till landed ſafe at Cheſterton:
Where ſporting billiards, bowls and tea,
Cries Faſhion, "Who ſo great as We?"
Another up to Town ſhe takes,
And there right joyouſly he rakes;
In ruin's high road poſts ſmack dash on;
Becauſe—Gadzooks! it is the Faſhion.
See one who ſports a good warm houſe,
And eke a comfortable ſpouſe,
Says, Life has nothing that could pleaſe him,—
A fellowſhip perhaps might eaſe him.—
The *Fellow*, ſwears upon his life
He'll wed—a faſhionable wife.
Laugh on, my friend; both poor and rich
Have got the faſhionable itch.
We Sizars ſport our nag and boat,
Our every day and ſunday coat,
Give ſizings of delicious gammon
Of bacon or of pickled ſalmon;
And ſit in magiſterial ſtate
To quaff our morning chocolate,
Taſting, like Lillyputian kings,
The luxury of little things.

If half en queue, and half a crop
Into your preſence I ſhould pop,
If half the rags of half my gown
Their brother raglings ſhould diſown,
You'd ſmile:—then luſtily you'd laugh
To ſee me every thing by half;
Half gambling, jockying, raking, drinking,
And halving every thing but—thinking.

*Senior of Wranglers! day and night
Beam forth in thy auſpicious light!
Thou Son of Cambridge, Good and Fair!
(All elſe I value not a hair),
Thou'rt all majeſtic to a tittle
With nothing mortal, but thy—ſpittle!

* The Student, who has made the greateſt proficiency in Mathematical knowledge.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

ON a Preacher who was very fond of exhibiting his white hand in the pulpit.

Earth ſhook, Heaven trembled at the Lord's command,
Our Preacher ſaid, and—waved his lily hand.

On ſeeing the initials of a notorious lawyer's name cut deep into his tombſtone.

Initials juſt! for well you ſhew,
How *deep* he was Who lies below.

On hearing that the French had melted down their images to purchaſe artillery.

Says a Rev. Prieſt to his leſs Rev. friend,
Where at length will the crimes of theſe French villains end,
Who

Who their Saints and their Martyrs thus impi-
ously ſell
And convert into damnable engines of Hell?
Prithee why, quoth his friend, are you ſo much
ſurpriſed
That Saints had their deſert and were all—*canoniz'd*

EXTEMPORE

On a Gentleman more famous for the multipli-city of cloaths in which he always appeared dreſſed, than for his abilities.

Some place their wardrobe on a wooden ſhelf;
But wooden W.—— on his wooden *ſelf*.

On hearing a Gentleman who ſquinted, aſſert that the prophecies were to be underſtood in a double ſenſe.

A double ſenſe no wonder — — ſpies;
The fault's not in his brain but in his eyes.

O

On hearing that a certain Gentleman hid himself in a hollow tree in order to discover and apprehend the amorous parties of the neighbourhood.

Fair damsel, who may through the wood
Like Daphne chance to be pursued,
Be sure ne'er *turn into* a tree;
For there your follower you'll see.

On a Gentleman who was remarkable for bowing his head down in a musing posture, whenever his comprehension failed him.

Antæus sinking to the earth
Supply of strength obtains;
So Marcus downward bends his head
In hopes to find his brains.

IMPROMPTU

To Miss S—— on seeing her neck adorned with a golden chain.

In mercy sure you wear that chain
Informing each admiring swain,
That if he dares to look above,
Bound he'll be in chains of Love.

FOR A CATCH.

A roaring Jack
Was Hynes O'Hack,
As e'er a one in ſeven;
For when Death ſtopped his throttle,
And took away his bottle,
He ſcraped his ſkull, ——
And fill'd it full
To drink on his road to Heaven.

Amoto quæramus seria ludo.

EMMA TO EDWARD.

HOW long will you Edward delay
To reſtore to your Emma her peace?
For alas! as each hour glides away
Her diſgrace and her ſorrows increaſe!
Oh! haſte, or a pledge of our love
Will the ſhame of it's parent declare;
Ah! ſoon the ſad tale will it prove;
Ah! ſoon in my miſery ſhare.

Your paſſion could brook no delay,
Till your poor Emma's heart you had won;
You eſteemed every moment a day,
Till you ſaw your poor Emma undone.
Oh! haſte to diſpel the ſad fear,
Which you gave my boſom to know!
Be as ſpeedy to wipe off the tear
As you once were to cauſe it to flow!

TO SOPHIA.

'TWAS not thy sparkling eyes,
That float in liquid love;
Nor yet thy form that vies
With †her's, who won the prize,
That did my passion move;
Nor wealth;—for from thy lowly shed
On her golden pinions
To her fav'rite minions
Fortune far away has fled.

But when with piteous sighs
Was told a tale of woe,
I marked thy tearful eyes,
I saw thy bosom rise
To ease the labouring throe.
Nor I can boast or wealth or power;
But in my tender breast
Does gentle Pity rest:
——Then mutual is the dower.

† Venus.

On seeing Mrs. Siddons the first time, and then in the Character of Isabella.

PITY! my breast ne'er knew thee for it's own,
Or Sympathy, dear parent of the sigh!
Tho' oft the tear fell trickling from my eye,
A moment vanished,—and the scene was gone:
A cold Promethean form!—Till Siddons' spell
Waked every feeling from it's icy cell.
The †Mourner came—and Pity was my own.
O! I did hear each accent of her woe;
Grief rushed on grief, till all my senses flown
Forgot to ease the torrent in a throe;
My soul had fled it's nook, and in my eye
Suspended hung in tearful extasy.

† Vide Isabella. "The Mourner comes."

SONNET

SONNET

To a Gentleman, who preſented the Author
——— with a Violin. ———

O! Harmony, ſweet minſtrel of the ſpheres,
Who know'ſt to raiſe the rapturous glow,
Or wake the tendereſt tear of woe,
Come, dear companion of my future years!
Oft in ſorrow's ſaddeſt hour
The ſofteſt magic of thy power,
Shall ſooth my troubled breaſt to peace,
Till the huſhed ſtorm ſhall ſeem to ceaſe;
Oft, when the tumults of my joy run high,
Shall lull my melted ſoul in extaſy.
—While ſtill, O L——n, ſtill ſhall Memory
Uprear her liſtening head, and, as they float,
Still catch the cadence of each thrilling note
Thinking it ſounds of Gratitude and Thee.

A FRAGMENT.

THRO' the ſtained windows of the gloomy arch
The moon's pale beam reflects a varied ray;
Acroſs the long cold aile with ſounding wing
The midnight Storm was paſſing on its way.

Her fearful ſtep no liſtening echo heard,
Her breath ſuſpended on her boſom hung,
Big ſwelled the tear that trembled in her eye,
And her claſped hands in agony ſhe wrung.

A lamp's ſmall blaze beneath a mouldering nich
Chaced the dank vapours of the vault away;
And the faint ſickly gleam, which round it ſpread,
Shewed where the relics of her Edward lay.

The large helm glittered to the lamp's dull light;
Her babe affrighted hid it's little head;
At the cold tomb in holy awe She knelt——

Cætera deſunt.

FINIS.

A FRAGMENT.

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FINIS.